

# HYMNS

For the Public

THANKSGIVING-DAY,

*October 9, 1746.*



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# H Y M N S

FOR THE

Public Thanksgiving-Day,

October 9, 1746.

## H Y M N I.

1 **B**RITONS, rejoice, the L O R D is King,  
The L O R D of Hosts and Nations sing,  
Whose Arm hath now your Foes o'erthrown,  
Ascribe the Praife to G O D alone,  
The Giver of Succes proclaim,  
And shout your Thanks in J E S U S' Name.

2 'Twas not a feeble Arm of Ours  
Which chac'd the fierce contending Powers,  
*Jehovab* turn'd the Scale of Fight,  
*Jehovab* quell'd their boasted Might,  
And knapp'd their Spears, and broke their Swords,  
And shew'd ----- *The Battle is the L O R D's.*

3 He beckon'd to the Savage-Band,  
And bade them sweep thro' *half* the Land:  
The Savage-Band their Terror spread,  
With *Rome* and *Satan* at their Head,  
But stopt by His Almighty Breath,  
Rush'd back---into the Arms of Death.

Thou,

4 Thou L O R D , alone, hast laid them low,  
 In Pieces dash'd th' invading Foe,  
 Thy Breath which did their Fury raise  
 Hath quench'd, at once, the sudden Blaze,  
 Destroy'd the Weapons of thine Ire,  
 And cast the Rods into the Fire.

5 O that we all might see the Hand  
 Which still protects a guilty Land ;  
 Glory and Strength ascribe to Thee  
 Who giv'st to Kings the Victory ;  
 And yield, while yet thy Spirit strives,  
 And thank Thee with our Hearts and Lives.

6 O that we might to G O D rejoice,  
 And tremble at thy Mercy's Voice :  
 Nor fondly dream the Danger past,  
 While yet *our own* Rebellions last !  
 O that our Wars with Heav'n might cease,  
 And All receive the Prince of Peace !

7 Or if, before the Scourge return,  
 The thankless Croud disdains to mourn,  
 Yet, L O R D , with reverential Joy,  
 We vow for Thee *our* All t' employ,  
 And bless Thee for the kind Reprieve,  
 And to our Saviour's Glory live !

8 Long as Thou lengthnest out our Days,  
 We live to testify thy Grace,  
 Secure beneath thy Mercy's Wings,  
 We triumph in the King of Kings,  
 The Giver of Success proclaim,  
 And shout our Thanks in J E S U S ' Name.

## H Y M N II.

1 T hanks be to God, the God of Power,  
 Who shelter'd us in Danger's Hour,  
 The God of Truth, who heard the Prayer,  
 Let all his Faithfulness declare,  
 Who sent us Succours from above,  
 Let all adore the God of Love.

God

2 God sitting on his holy Seat  
 Compels the Heathen to submit,  
 The Grasshoppers of Earth he sees,  
 And mocks their prosp'rous Wickedness,  
 Frustrates their Counsels with a Frown,  
 And turns their *Babels* upside down.

3 His Eye observ'd the dark Design,  
 To blast our rightful Monarch's Line,  
 The Scheme in Satan's *Conclave* laid,  
 Improv'd by *Rome's* unerring Head,  
 To gaul us with their Yoke abhor'd,  
 And plant *their* Faith with Fire and Sword.

4 He saw the Serpent's Egg break forth,  
 The Cloud arising in the North,  
 He let the *slighted* Mischief spread,  
 And hang in Thunder o'er our Head;  
 And while we scorn'd our abject Foes,  
 The Drop into a Torrent rose.

5 Lur'd by the grateful Scent of Blood,  
 The Vulturs hasten'd to their Food,  
 The Aliens urg'd their rapid Way,  
 Resolv'd to die, or win the Day;  
 Madly resolv'd their Doom to brave,  
 And gain a *Kingdom* or a *Grave*.

6 Swell'd to an Host, the daring Few  
 Thro' ours as waving Lightning flew,  
 Rush'd on with *unresisted* Power,  
 And scal'd the Wall, and storm'd the Tower;  
 While *God* seem'd pleas'd their Cause to bless,  
 And curs'd them with a short Success.

7 Drunk with the bold aspiring Hope,  
 Behold them march triumphant up,  
 Of Conquest fatally secure,  
 They vow to make our Ruin sure,  
 And shout around our threatened Towers,  
 " *The Day, the Crown, and all is ours!* "

8 Who was it then dispers'd the Snare,  
 And shoak'd those ravening Dogs of War?

JEHOVAH curb'd their furious Speed,  
 JEHOVAH sent the panick Dread,  
 And damp'd and fill'd them with Dismay,  
 And scar'd the Vulturs from their Prey.

9 His hidden Power controll'd the Foe,  
 And said, " No farther shalt thou go."  
 His Bridle in their Mouths they found,  
 And fled subdu'd without a Wound,  
 (As Stubble by the Whirlwind driven)  
 They fled before the Frown of Heaven.

10 Thanks be to God, the God of Power,  
 Who shelter'd us in Danger's Hour,  
 The God of Truth, who heard the Prayer,  
 Let all his Faithfulness declare,  
 Who sent Deliverance from above,  
 Let all adore the God of Love!

### H Y M N III.

1 **S**TILL let us in our rising Song,  
 Pursue the wild rebellious Throng,  
 With tenfold Rage and Fury fir'd,  
 With all the Zeal of Hell inspir'd,  
 The Sons of *Rome* and *Satan* see,  
 And trace them to their Destiny.

2 Bold they return to sure Success,  
 Whom all *the Saints* conspire to bless,  
 Supported by their Friends beneath,  
 In Covenant with Hell and Death;  
 And *Spanish* Gold, and *Gallic* Pride,  
 And *Holy Church* is on their Side.

3 See how they fly to set us free  
 From all our *Northern Heresy*,  
 Our Feuds and Grievances to heal,  
 And purge the Land with Northern Steel,  
 Bring back to *their* infernal God,  
 And re-baptize us in our Blood.

4 Bent to devour the total Prey,  
 They leave our Troops an open Way,  
 An uncontested Passage yield,  
 And draw their Conquerors to the Field,  
 And sworn our Ruin to secure,  
 They make their own Destruction sure.

5 Lo! the audacious Hopes of *Rome*,  
 Rush headlong to their instant Doom,  
 Slaughter and Threats the Aliens breathe,  
 Nor see the *LORD* of Life and Death,  
 Till struck with Lightning from his Eye,  
 They fear, they turn, they fall, they die!

6 How are the Mighty fallen! dead!  
 Who fill'd our conscious Land with Dread,  
 Perish'd the keenest Tools of War,  
 The Crafty caught in their own Snare,  
 And Antichrist robb'd of his Plea,  
 His blind Infallibility!

7 'Twas not the *Number* of our Hosts,  
 That baffled all their furious Boasts,  
 Our Wisdom did not cast them down,  
 Our Courage, *LORD*, was not *our own*;  
 From Thee the sacred Ardor came,  
 And *WILLIAM* breath'd an Heavenly Flame!

8 O let him thankfully submit  
 To lay his Lawrels at thy Feet,  
 By *FAITH* a *Christian* Hero stand,  
 And hang on thine all-ruling Hand,  
 Supporter of his Father's Throne,  
 Upheld himself by Thee alone!

9 Give him, and us, and all to see,  
 Our Strength and Life secur'd in Thee,  
 By whom thy dread Vicegerents reign,  
 And righteous Kings their Sway maintain,  
 Assur'd, who on thy Love depend,  
 Their *GOD* and Maker is their Friend.

10 O that we all may seek and find,  
 The Saviour, Friend of Human-kind,

People and Prince be still employ'd  
 T'insure the lasting Peace of GOD,  
 And strive, till all obtain above  
 Eternal Rest in JESUS' Love!

### HYMN IV.

1 JOIN all who know the Name  
 That sure Deliverance brings,  
 The conquering GOD proclaim,  
 The Guardian King of Kings;  
 Sav'd from the Peril of the Sword,  
 Rejoice, and glory in the LORD.

2 He on our *Israel's* Side,  
 In glorious Power hath stood,  
 And quell'd their cruel Pride,  
 Who thirsted for our Blood:  
 Sav'd from the Peril of the Sword,  
 Rejoice, and glory in the LORD.

3 Forth with our Armies went  
 The GOD of Victory,  
 And bless'd the Instrument  
 That set our Nation free:  
 Sav'd from the Peril of the Sword,  
 Rejoice, and glory in the LORD.

4 The Means His Wisdom chose  
 We honour, and *look thro'*  
 To Him, who all our Foes,  
 When flush'd with Conquest flew:  
 Sav'd from the Peril of the Sword,  
 Rejoice, and glory in the LORD.

5 Wisdom and Strength belongs  
 To JESU's only Name,  
 He claims our thankful Songs,  
 From whom our Safety came:  
 Sav'd from the Peril of the Sword,  
 Rejoice, and glory in the LORD.

6 To Him let us restore  
 The Lives he doth redeem,  
 And praise Him evermore,  
 And live and die to Him.  
 Sav'd from the Peril of the Sword,  
 Rejoice, and glory in the **Lord**.

## HYMN V.

1 **W**HAT Recompence, or meet Reward  
 Shall Sinners render to the **Lord**  
 For all his Saving Grace?  
 We only can with Thanks receive,  
 The utmost Grace he deigns to give,  
 And sing the Giver's Praise.

2 Sav'd from the *Romish* Fowler's Snare,  
 Our Saviour's Glory to declare  
 We joyfully agree:  
 Jesus, we now thy Praise proclaim,  
 And rescued by thy conqu'ring Name,  
 Give back our Lives to Thee.

3 Thou hast thy praying Remnant heard,  
 Thou hast our sinful *Sodom* spar'd  
 For the Ten Righteous Sake:  
 Thou between God and us hast stood,  
 And pleaded thine atoning Blood,  
 And turn'd the Waster back.

4 Pluck'd as a Brand out of the Fire,  
 Let us to greater Things aspire,  
 And mightier Wonders see,  
 Deliverance from Death, Hell and Sin,  
 From all these Rebel Foes *within*,  
 And more than Victory.

5 JESUS, convert and stir us up.  
 With Transport to receive the Cup  
 Of full Salvation *here*:  
 And let us then by Love restor'd,  
 Behold Thee, our triumphant **Lord**,  
 With all thy Saints *appear*!

## HYMN VI.

1 GOD of Love, who hear'st the Prayer  
 Offer'd for a guilty Land,  
 Thou dost yet thy Wrath forbear,  
 Hold a-while thy lifted Hand ;  
 Thou with Bowels of Compassion,  
 Giv'st us still a longer Space :  
 Turn us then, the sinful Nation,  
 Conquer by thy pard'n'g Grace.

2 Thee in dreadful Indignation  
 Marching thro' the Land we saw,  
 Stopt by *Israel's* Supplication,  
 Lo ! Thou dost the Scourge withdraw :  
 O that all might hear and tremble  
 At the long-suspended Rod,  
 All in JESU's Name assemble,  
 All confess the SON of GOD !

3 Grant us in this awful Crisis,  
 Hearts thy Warning to receive,  
 Hearts to cast away our Vices,  
 Hearts to sorrow and believe :  
 Humbly at thy Footstool mourning,  
 Let us groan thy Face to see,  
 Let us all at last returning,  
 Find our Help and Rest in Thee.

4 Come, the contrite Heart's Desire,  
 Friend of helpless Sinners, come !  
 Hear and answer us by Fire,  
 All our Sins forgive—consume,  
 Humble us, and then deliver  
 Whom Thou dost a-while reprove,  
 Save us then, and save for ever,  
 GOD of everlasting Love !

## HYMN VII.

1 WHILE void of Care, the cheerful Crowd  
 In Shouts and Acclamations loud  
 The Festal Time employ;  
 Let us, who still the Rod revere,  
 With pitying Grief and humble Fear  
 Correct the lighter Joy.

2 Not but Thou read'st our thankful Heart,  
 Thankful that Thou hast took our Part,  
 And fav'd the sinful Land;  
 Thou hast preserv'd the best of Kings,  
 And shadow'd with thy Mercy's Wings  
 The Man of thy Right-hand.

3 Yet must we, L ORD, with Shame confess,  
 Nor for our Nation's Righteousness,  
 Hast Thou Deliverance sent,  
 But grantest us a longer Space,  
 To try, if those who scorn'd thy Grace,  
 Will now at last repent.

4 Thou hast not dropp'd thy Quarrel, L ORD,  
 Thou hast not from the threatning Sword  
 Revok'd its Charge to kill:  
 Thine Anger is not turn'd away,  
 Thy Justice still demands its Prey,  
 Thine Hand is stretch'd out still.

5 Couqu'rors of our intestine Foes,  
 We spurn the Authors of our Woes;  
 But can our Tears be dry  
 While just Necessity commands,  
 And slaughter'd by Fraternal Hands,  
 Whole Troops of Britons die!

6 Thousands to their Account are fled  
 With all their Sins upon their Head,  
 (Sins against Man and G OD ;)  
 Their Lives are lost to ransom ours:  
 And still the Sword abroad devours,  
 And thirsts for nobler Blood.

7 The Man who sits on the *Red Horse*,  
 Holds on his bloody rapid Course,  
 And Peace from Earth destroys;  
 And O! what Crouds of *Britain's Sons*,  
 Have own'd his Power in dying Groans,  
 And answer'd to his Voice!

8 O might we Mercy seek and find,  
 E'er yet he calls the Man behind,  
 Who rides the *Sable Steed*;  
 E'er yet the meagre Form appears,  
 With a long Train of dearthy Years,  
 And Famine lifts his Head.

9 Before with fruitless Horror we  
 The Man on the *Pale Courier* see,  
 And feel his blasting Breath,  
 Jesus, regard the Nation's Cry,  
 Reverse our Doom, nor let us die  
 The *Pestilential* Death.

10 O might we all to Thee submit  
 And fall, and kiss thy bleeding Feet,  
 And own Thee for our King,  
 Bright in thy glorious Image rise,  
 And rapt at last above the Skies,  
 Thine endless Praises sing.

**F I N I S.**

